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Poetry.

## "WE STOOP TO CONQUER."

This insulting motto, which was borne so triumphantly in the procession of the British Whig Convention at Baltimore, has called forth from the pen of a private correspondent the following indignant rebuke. Let it be read and preserved.—*New Era.*

### The Democrat's Rebuke.

You "stoop to conquer!"—curse the thought—

The lip that spoke—the hand that pained it:

Our country never shall be bought,

Nor conquered, while we can defend it:

As braves the storm—the mountain rock—

As cleaves the cloud—the eagle's pinion,

We'll meet oppression's battle shock,

And triumph o'er oppression's minion.

You "stoop to conquer!"—who are you?

That from your mountain height descending,

Break fashion's cobweb barriers through,

And with the sons of freedom blending,

With golden bribe and treacherous smile,

Sow the vio seeds of rank pollution,

And with your reptile smile delude

The temple of our Constitution?

You "stoop to conquer?"—stoop from what,

High pinnacles or lofty stations?

What proud pre-eminence is that;

Whence ye descend to conquer nations?

Poor nestlings of the federal sty,

Fed on the husks of aristocracy;

Ye quail in fear beneath the eye

Of nature's true and tried Democracy.

You "stoop to conquer?"—whom? the froc

Inheritors of glory's banner,

Who never yet has bowed the knee,

Nor sung oppression's loud hosanna —

Children of sirens who valor bore

From tyrant brows the diadem,

And in the march of nations bore

The first proud trophy won from them?

'We stoop to conquer!' May the name

Of him who bore that banner linger

Forever on the roll of shame.

A mark for scorn's unmoving finger,

May they who laught that banner when

Its dark folds to the air were given,

Traitors alike to God and men,

From freedom's home in scorn be driven.

Back to your dens, poor drivelling fools—

Born in corruption's darkest regions,

Fit only for the servile tools

Of tyranny's accursed legions:

The hearts of freemen, while they keep

Watch o'er the rights their sires bequeathed them,

Shall blast with curses, loud and deep,

The words ye breathe, and lips that breathe them.

### POLITICS.

[From the Democrat's Almanac, for 1841.]

### Martin Van Buren.

The election of Martin Van Buren to the Presidency of the United States was a striking example of the force and elevating effect of our republican institutions, showing as it did that talent unaided by the adventitious distinctions of birth or wealth, could rise to the highest honors of our republic.

Martin Van Buren was the son of a farmer in Kinderhook, Columbia County, whose ancestors were among the first settlers of the State of New York, having emigrated from Holland.

The President of the United States is now 58 years of age, as he was born at Kinderhook on the 5th of December, 1782.

From his first outset in public life Mr. Van Buren embraced the views and espoused the cause of the democratic party, and manfully defended it against an overwhelming majority of the wealth and legal talent of the country which gave him birth.

In April, 1812, Mr. Van Buren was elected to the Senate of New York, from the Middle District after one of the most furious contests ever known in the State, defeating, by a majority of 200, Edward P. Livingston, the candidate of the Bank of America party, the federalists and the friends of Aaron Burr.

In 1815, the republican party having regained their ascendancy in the State, their sense of the distinguished merit of Mr. Van Buren and his zealous defense of their principles was marked by his appointment to the office of Attorney General.

In 1816, Mr. Van Buren was re-elected to the Senate for four years by a large majority.

In 1819, the federalists having obtained a temporary ascendancy in the State, their hatred and dread of Martin Van Buren was avenged by his

instant removal from the office of Attorney General, in which he had given the most eminent proof of ability and sound legal knowledge.

The following year the Democrats were again predominant, and offered him a re-appointment to the office in which he had done so much honor to their choice, and proved himself worthy of their highest honors, but he declined.

Mr. Van Buren, during the whole of his legislative career, was the friend and confidential adviser of Daniel D. Thompson, the Democratic leader in New York, and contributed much to his re-election to the office of Governor when opposed by the federalists of the day.

Mr. Van Buren advocated the great system of internal improvements by the Erie Canal after due investigation, and yielded to the nomination of De Witt Clinton, believing him to be a republican and true friend to the interests of his State.

The conduct of Mr. Clinton in office disgusted the democratic party, and Mr. Van Buren took strong ground against him, for which offence he was removed from the office of Attorney General, as before stated.

On the 6th of February, 1821, Mr. Van Buren was elected to the Senate of the United States, against the combined efforts of the Federalists and Clintonians, and also a member of the Convention to amend the State Constitution.

In both these high trusts he well maintained the distinguished rank which had been awarded to him by all parties, and his advocacy of Democratic principle was not less ardent or efficient than those exerted in less prominent stations.

Mr. Van Buren remained a member of the United States Senate for seven years, having been re-elected in 1827 by a large majority, and in March, 1829, he was appointed Secretary of State by Andrew Jackson, then elected to the Presidency of the United States, having previously resigned the office of Senator to assume the reins of government in his native State, to which he was elected in November, 1828.

During his occupancy of the Gubernatorial chair, he introduced to the Legislature, who passed it into a law, the celebrated Safety Fund System, which has contributed so much to preserve the Banking system of the Empire State from the ruin and crash of other State institutions.

In April, 1831, difficulties having arisen among the members of the cabinet, Mr. Van Buren, to allay the excited feelings of envy at his sudden and remarkable elevation to the highest offices in the gift of a free people, resigned the office of Secretary of State, and at the urgent application of the President, accepted the important appointment of Minister to Great Britain.

Mr. Van Buren was received with distinguished favor in England, and the negotiations he was charged to effect appeared in a favorable train, when the Senate, by the casting vote of the Vice President, rejected his nomination and he was of course recalled.

In 1832, Mr. Van Buren was elected to the Vice Presidency of the United States by a large majority, receiving one hundred and eighty-nine electoral votes out of two hundred and eighty-six.

This was a most signal triumph, and proved that the great principle of Mr. Van Buren's political life, which has been a firm confidence in the sober second thought of the people, was based on truth, while his adversaries, who acted on the belief that the people could be deceived, were utterly overwhelmed and scattered by the explosion of a mine they had laid for his destruction.

Mr. Van Buren's deportment and general bearing in the chair of the Senate commanded him to the favor of all but the most bitterly malignant, and in May, 1835, he was nominated as the democratic candidate for Presidency of the United States by a unanimous vote.

The people in the fall of 1836 ratified the doings of the Democratic convention, and by their suffrages Martin Van Buren was elevated to the highest office in the gift of a free people.

The charge of non-committalism was freely urged against Mr. Van Buren, until his celebrated letter to Sherrod Williams [a whig who put certain questions to him in the hope of entrapping him] at once and forever silenced the clamor on that ground.

The downfall of the rotten banking system of our country in May, 1837, combined with the intimate connexion and immense influence those institutions had over the action of the government for moment paralyzed the energies of the Democratic party.

The bold and determined ground taken by the President in his special message to Congress dispersed the clouds and despondency, and the ranks of the republican army, thinned by desertion of the bankites and speculators, at once were filled with the bone and sinew of the country.

In November, 1837, no man seemed rash enough to predict anything short of the utter ruin and destruction of the President but in May, 1840, the only hope of opposition to him and the divorce of bank and state, is found in the cry of "crackers and hard cider," and the name of a military chieftain, a title once the detestation and abhorrence of the Federal party.

Martin Van Buren has always relied upon the people for support in the darkest hours of political hurricanes and the tornadoes of bank oppression and ruin.

The result has so far justified this reliance, and we have not the slightest doubt that the elections in the fall of this year will prove that the people have no desire to change their rulers or course of national policy, much less such change as the miscreant Whigs would give them.

The British Whigs of Vermont have nominated the old State officers for re-election.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, July 14, 1840.

Number 48.

From the Baltimore Republican.

### SOMETHING WORTH READING.

The annexed resolution, taken from the proceedings of a Democratic meeting, lately held in Fayetteville, N. C., contains more condensed historical truth in relation to the banks and currency, than is generally found in documents of the same kind. It deserves not only to be read, but to be studied and remembered. A Democracy, armed with such weapons, may successfully withstand the attacks of the adversary with its volumes of lying speeches, and myriad sheets of perversions and mis-statements. No one can rise from the perusal of this resolution, without feeling stronger in his political faith, and more determined to persevere in the good cause of Reform, in which the Democratic party has been so long engaged. The all-prevailing power of Truth may be slow in its conquests, but it is sure, to the ultimate overthrow of error, ignorance, and deception.

Again we say, read this extract. It is a long article, but there is not a useless word in the whole of it. When you are done with it, lend it to your neighbor:

*Resolved*, That the fall of prices and the distresses of the country, are the effects of over-trading, frauds, suspensions, contractions, and expansions of the currency by the banks in this country and in England: That, in proof of this, we submit facts to a candid world. The vast expansion of the currency by the Bank of England, after its re-charter, about 1822 or '33, involved that country deeply in debt; this expelled gold from circulation, and caused its exportation. To regain this gold, the Bank of England, in the year 1837, contracted its currency, called in its notes by enforcing payment from its debtors.—The prices of all labor and produce fell from twenty to fifty per cent, and hundreds of thousands of people were ruined and reduced to beggary, starvation, [crime,] and death. Having regained its gold, the Bank, in 1838 and '39, again expanded its currency, increased its loans to such an extent, that not only the people were involved in a vast debt, but the bank itself, the Great Regulator, to prevent its own bankruptcy, had, last fall, to borrow millions from the Bank of France; at the same time, it commenced calling in its notes, pressing the merchants and manufacturers who were in debt to it, in order to reduce the foreign exchange, and prevent the efflux of specie from its vaults. The consequence has been, as in 1837, that ruin overwhelmed many persons of all classes; prices of labor and produce fell from thirty to fifty per cent; the merchants and manufacturers could no longer buy our cotton, flour, &c., and had to discharge their laborers; thousands of families were reduced to beggary, deprived of houses and homes, and all the comforts of life; children begging bread from mothers who could not supply it; starvation, crime, and death, too appalling to be told, spread over the three sister kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, comprehending in one sad fate, several hundred thousand human beings. The course of the banking system in this country, during the same period, is but the counterpart of the course of the same system in England, showing what the President said in his last message is true, that the banks in this country are bound to the bankers in England, by one chain of sympathy and dependence. And when we properly estimate this influence, and the corruptions, fashions, and aristocratic notions which too intimate intercourse with Europe may spread throughout the country, every Democrat ought to be awake to the danger?

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070—being an increase of about thirty millions in about two years—Congress passed a bill to re-charter it—but General Jackson vetoed it in the summer of 1832, showing he could not be intimidated by the Bank; and the people re-elected him that fall. The bank now changed its course, and in the year 1833 contracted its issues, culled in a large portion of its vast debt, run upon the local banks for specie, shipped the specie to Europe to pay the debt it had contracted there in 1832, and raise the shout of ruin and distress by its panic orators in Congress and by the hiring presses throughout the nation. This created a memorable panic of 1833 and '34, which suspended the trade and business of the country, threw down prices, and caused distress and ruin to thousands; and which was got up by the Bank, its panic orators and presses, to alarm the people into the belief that the country could not do without the Bank, and to force a re-charter from Congress.

"No Sub-Treasury—no specie circular" in 1833, '34.

The Bank having failed to obtain a charter from Congress, next applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and by bribery and corruption, effected its purpose under the title of a bill not to re-charter a bank, but to repeal taxes, and to promote the internal improvements of the State.

With larger powers than she before possessed, as Mr. Biddle affirmed, these same corporators, under a new name, commenced a new and grander scale of business. In the beginning of 1836, the bank increased its discounts beyond all former precedent, sold out some of its old branches, bought out State banks, speculated in stocks of all kinds, loaned to corporations and States, entered into the cotton market, the flour market, and the beef market. As the currency swelled, prices rose, new banks started up like mushroom—speculations commenced in public lands, the imports increased nearly 100,000,000 in two years beyond their ordinary amount, every body seemed to be getting rich, not by hundreds only, but by thousands and millions; but, alas, pay day comes, and now the bank reverses the screw: England demands in specie the debt we owe to her of about \$150,000,000 for excess of imports and interest on loan—the merchants demand the specie from the banks. The banks enter into a conspiracy in the month of May, 1837, (the U. S. Bank taking the lead,) to suspend the payment of their notes. They refuse to pay the Government, whose money they hold in deposit, to the amount of between thirty and forty millions. This bankrupts the Federal Treasury, and humiliates the people at the feet of the banks. The banks contract their issues, call

(From the Eastern Argus.)

### OLD TIP'S LAST SPEECH. General Harrison at Fort Meigs.

The following description of General Harrison as he was in his best days, is from Governor Lumpkin's recent letter to the people of Georgia:

"Upwards of twenty years ago, I served in Congress with General Harrison, and being a border under the same roof, had the usual opportunity afforded under such circumstances, of knowing General Harrison, as he was, when in the prime of his intellectual manhood. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Van Buren is more limited—being chiefly confined to the last three years of his life, which has grown out of my present position. I consider the difference in general character and qualifications of these two individuals far too great under consideration, immaterial as Mr. Van Buren's talents, character, deportment and qualifications, will secure to him the highest respect and consideration, in any official station whatever. On the contrary, General Harrison can sustain himself so well, in high official station. Mr. Van Buren has, throughout his political life, been attached to the well known, well defined, Republican party of the country. Gen. Harrison's political associations, have been chiefly with the Federal party, and judging from his public life, I entertain no doubt of his strong attachment to that party and its principles."

From such a man as Harrison is here described to have been, when in the vigor of his life, what could have been expected in his old age, but just such a speech as that now given us by his last effort at Fort Meigs! We have read this speech through with all reasonable attention, because it has been heralded by the Federal papers, as "one of the great master-pieces of modern eloquence"—and because we had some curiosity to see how far the current reports of the old General's weakness, were sustained by his public efforts. On both these points we are now perfectly satisfied: and if our readers desire any further evidence that they now possess of Harrison's imbecility, we recommend to them a careful perusal of his last achievement at Fort Meigs. It is the tamest and most weak performance that has ever emanated from any man in a distinguished public position. Its nauseating egotism, its entire want of all dignity, and its poor attempts at "latch string" wit, are among its most prominent characteristics; while it is destitute of every thing which indicates either the ability of a statesman, the taste of a scholar, or the genius and power of an effective public speaker. Yet the Cidites have the temerity to give this babbling of a mere remnant of garrulous mediocrities, as evidence of "a high order of talent" and "eloquence of the purest kind!"

The Fort Meigs celebration was got up for a great affair, and set off with all sorts of trappings and furniture which can be imagined; from *live coons playing on the tops of log cabins*, to "Old Tip" himself. The speech, too, was interlarded with a good many scenes of the *clap trap kind*, some of which must have been too touching to be seen with the naked eye." One or two of these scenes are thus described by the opposition reporters:

"At this moment the speaker's eye fell upon Gen. Hedges, when he said: "Gen. Hedges, will you come up here? You must stand by me in the side of the hour of battle, and I cannot bear to see you at so great a distance now." Immense cheering followed, and *considerate* recognition, and the cries of "raise him up," "place him by the side of the old General," had scarcely been uttered, when General Hedges was carried forward to the stand."

"For a sudden off-hand matter this "considerate recognition" seems to have been excellently well managed! We doubt if the actors could have made it more amusing, even if it had been all "cut and dried" beforehand!

"Here the General looked around as if for some water, when the cry was raised, "give the General some hard cider." This was done, much to the satisfaction of the multitude."

It would seem from this, that the General has a different look, when he wants "some water," from that which he puts on, when he wants "beer," or "cider brandy!" What a wonderful man he must be! How well qualified for the Presidency! He "looked around as if for some water." Why, in the name of Temperance, did they not give him what he asked for? When he would have slaked his thirst from the "mountain spring," why did they force upon him the "accursed firewater of the Giaour?" Did they fear the effects of "cold water," upon a system which had not been accustomed to such a beverage? This scene was, evidently, not so "considerate" as the one last mentioned!

From the "trappings," however, let us now go to the speech itself! The following are extracts:

"After the war closed under Wayne, I retired; and when I saw a man poorer than all others, wandering about the land, decrepit and decayed by intemperance, it was unnecessary to enquire whether he had ever belonged to Wayne's Army. His condition was a guarantee of that."

This was rather a hard cut upon Wayne's Army, considering that it came from the "soldier's friend!" Such a description of American troops—so kind and so "considerate"—has rarely ever been given! "Men poorer than all others, wandering about the land, decrepit and decayed by intemperance," were the material Old Tip tells us, of which Wayne's army was composed! Did the General belong to that army himself?

"Well, fellow citizens, I can only say, that if it should ever be in my power to pay the debt which is due these brave but neglected men, that debt shall first of all be paid. And I am very well satisfied that the government can afford it, provided fully paid in."

It is very odd, certainly, that the General should have so great a regard, all at once, for the "brave but neglected men" whom he had just been describing as "poor, intemperate, wandering vagabonds!" That drink of "hard cider" must have obfuscated his faculties a little! But how is the General to pay the soldiers any better when he is President than now? This is a point he didn't explain. Does he mean to lift the latch of the Treasury, and take out the necessary funds, without any order from Congress? If so, the latch of the Treasury will need to be more carefully pulled in, without any sort of doubt!

"I have been called a Federalist. [There was a loud cry of "the charge is a lie—a lie!"] You are not a Federalist." Well, what is a Federalist? I recollect what the word formerly signified, and there are many others present who recollect its former signification also. The last time the Federal party were accused of a design to strengthen the hands of the general government at the expense of the separate States, that accusation did not nor cannot apply to me. I was brought up in the strictest manner of Virginia anti-federalism. Sir, Paul himself was not a greater devotee to the doctrine of Whig Parties, than was I, in inclination and a father's precept an example to anti-federalism."

It will be seen, here, that "Old Tip" denies his federalism, as stoutly as our neighbors of the "old Portland" deny theirs. Both he and they

now lay claim to the name of "Democrat." We suppose they use that term in the sense in which it is used in the following sentences:

"Show me a real Democrat, and I will show you an enemy to Law, order, and Government!"—*Gazette of 1810.*

"Brawling, reveling, factious creatures, called, very properly, democrats!"—*Ibid.*

"Our rulers, fellow citizens, must be watched. Power is intoxicating. Few men are satisfied with less power than they are able to procure. If the ladies, whom I see around me, were strong enough to hear me, and of sufficient age to give an experimental answer, they would tell you that no lover is ever satisfied with the first smile of his mistress."

So, it seems that there were not only *ladies* (?) present at the Fort Meigs carnival, but that they were very young, too—hardly old enough "to give an experimental answer" in relation to matters of love! The "Gallant Colonel" should have been there to teach them a lesson! But what does "Old Tip" mean, when he so elegantly says that "no lover is ever satisfied with the first smile of his mistress?" Is there not a lurking partiality here for a "SECOND TERM"? Isn't "Old Tip" the "lover" and the Presidency "his mistress"—and does he not indicate pretty clearly his intention to win a second smile from her? The "one term" men should be on their guard!

"Now, fellow citizens, I have very little more to say, except to entreat you to go on to peace if you can—and you can—to effect that reform upon which your hearts are fixed! What calamitous consequences will ensue to the world if you fail? If you should fail, how the tyrants of Europe will rejoice! If you fail, how will the friends of freedom, scattered like the few planets of heaven, over the world, mourn, when they see the beacon light of liberty extinguished—the light whose rays they hoped would yet penetrate the whole benighted world?"

That is—"Go on, my friends, and elect me! If I am not chosen President, what calamitous consequences will ensue to the world! If I should fail of success, how the tyrants of Europe would rejoice, and the friends of freedom mourn! Fellow Citizens, I am the beacon light of liberty," whose rays should yet penetrate the whole world—take care that I am not forever extinguished by "hard cider!" The General's modesty is about equal to his "impressive eloquence."

We conclude by once more recommending to our readers as have any sort of doubt about General Harrison's ability, to read his speech at Fort Meigs. Nothing else can so thoroughly settle their doubts.

From the Washington Globe.

### Harrison Abolition in Maine.

Proofs multiply daily of the thorough union of the Abolition fanatics with the HARRISON party; and from the rapid developments now making, it will be hardly worth while for Federalism to keep on the mask longer, unless it desires to make itself ridiculous as well as detested.

In further proof of the identity of HARRISON Federalism and Abolitionism, we subjoin an extract from the Portland (Me.) Weekly Advertiser of the 9th instant, (a HARRISON paper,) publishing the proceedings of a HARRISON meeting in Minot, Maine:

### HARD CIDER AND LOG CABINS.

This is, in fact, an old and miserable trick of the aristocracy to gull the people and catch their votes. The elder Adams, who understood the true character and designs of the aristocracy better perhaps, than any man in this country, and no one, certainly, was more disposed to favor their ambitious designs, in speaking of them, calls them the "powerful and crafty underminers, in whom human nature shows itself so completely depraved, as to nearly approach to an equal mixture of brutality and devilism." He declared that the wealthy families would "as certainly rule the country in a simple Democracy, or a Democracy by representation, as in an hereditary aristocracy or monarchy." He says "the continuation of power will be certain, but it will be accomplished by corruption; and if corruption cannot effect the continuance, sedition and rebellion will be resorted to for a degraded, disappointed, rich, and illustrious family, would, at any time, annihilate heaven and earth, if it could, rather than fail in carrying its point." This, although written more than half a century ago, is a bold but faithful picture of the Bank aristocracy of the present day.

"Resolved, That we have full confidence in the talents, integrity, and experience of William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, to steer the ship of state back to the Republican rock, and we believe they will be triumphantly elected by a large majority of the electoral voice—and that the old hero will administer the Government on the principles of Washington and Madison, those great fathers of the American Constitution."

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"Resolved, That the declaration of the President of the United States, when not called on by his position, that he was averse to universal liberty in the District of Columbia, should not be regarded as being of any weight, when he asks about Democracy."

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dined with the fresh remembrance of the early achievements of my father, and other patriotic sons of Massachusetts, (my native State,) in preventing the British Court from holding its sessions at Plymouth, to forge new hammers to hamper the unhampered and unhampered aspirations of the free born mind.

B. Streeter, of Livermore.

The Whig Celebrations at Livermore and Wilton—May their Whig temperance, Whig religion, Whig morality, and Whig decency, not catch the belly ache to-day, by the too free use of skim-milk cheese and hard water cider.

By Col. Chas. Andrews.

The Ladies of Turner—Their beauty commands our admiration—their virtue, our respect—their good taste, on this occasion, in the decoration of our meeting house, our thanks and good wishes.

By Capt. Samuel Pumpilly.

Truth—May it shock the powers of the serpent-headed hypocrite.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Mr. Editor.—Perhaps it is thought by many, that the Democracy of the country, are sufficiently aroused from their slumbers, to guard the citadel of liberty, and protect the principles they hold dear, from the hand of the destroyer. But it may be well for us to carefully enquire, is this the case? Are we in the field with our arms, ready to repel the first assault and contest the ground with our enemies, inch by inch, or are we flattering ourselves that all is well, folding our hand and saying,

“ A little more sleep, a little more slumber!”

Has any Democrat forgotten that the “ price of liberty is eternal vigilance”? True, we have a majority of democratic voters in this State, but this will avail us nothing unless we get them out to the polls. That party who expect to obtain a victory without fighting for it, will find a mortifying defeat the legitimate consequence of their sluggishness, and inactivity.

I would not wish to excite unnecessary alarm, but at this all important crisis, in the political affairs of our country, I would call upon every Democrat to look about himself and see if he is doing his duty—his whole duty. Look at the extraordinary exertions of our opponents, who are “ compassing sea and land to make one prostrate”—who are flooding the country with their publications which teem with falsehood and misrepresentations, tending to deceive the honest portion of the community who read but little; awaking the sympathies of those laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, and exciting the prejudices of the credulous against the principle men and measures of the administration. Never were they more active, more vigilant in prosecuting their plans and operations, than they are at the present time. Their whole force is under strict discipline, every man is “ marked and lettered,” and at the sound of the “ Kent Bugle,” every soldier will be at his post, ready for action. They will resort to all means, fair and unfair, to effect their purpose.

In view of all this, it is high time for the democracy to buckle on their armor; they have nothing to fear, if they will do their duty; the principles of eternal truth and justice always have, and always will prevail over error and delusion; the fiercer the contest the more glorious the victory.

O. P. Q.

July 14, 1840.

To the Editor of the Oxford Democrat:

Sir.—It is well known that the federal party was never before exerting itself, as in the present presidential canvas. It has taken to itself new weapons, and is waging them with an energy worthy a holier cause. It is life or death with that party, and while I trust in Heaven that it may prove their political death, I would not have the Democracy of Oxford inactive. Our position is a novel one. We, who have even before been acting in the offensive, are now relying upon the merits of our cause alone, simply defending ourselves against the malicious attacks of a desperate foe. Is it not time to rally? to put forth the energies of the party? To come forward manfully to battle! It is not enough that we merely refute the falsehoods, and repel the attacks of our adversary. We should come forward as we have been wont to do in olden times, with the weapon of truth in our hands, and carry the war into the enemy's camp, and fight him on his own soil. Why, sir, do we thus delay? Why has our County Convention been deferred so long? Are the Democrats of Oxford asleep? Shall the federal leaders in this county, aided by the pecuniary means furnished them by the merchants of Boston and the bankers of London, throw their pernicious and poisonous documents and electio-

nating trash into every house in the county, with nothing to counteract their baneful influence? Into what part of this county or this State can you go, into what house, where you will not find them? Even the seventh edition of John Davis' speech is circulating in every nook and corner; which, by the way, is calculated to exert more baneful influence upon unreflecting and timid minds, than any other document I have seen. But, Mr. Editor, if we have been too negligent in the past—if there has been an undue, I will not say consurable, remissness in calling our Convention so late a day—if our towns have neglected to organize themselves, let us not spend our time in vain re-

grets for errors of the past, but wake up our energies for the future,—shake off the lethargy which a long period of uninterrupted success is so well calculated to induce, and arm for the coming conflict. Rest assured that a battle is to be fought, unprecedented in the political contests of this country. Why, Mr. Editor, does not some of your correspondents take up this same speech of John Davis, strip from it the web of sophistry and falsehood, that is so artfully woven around it? Expose alike its false positions, and equally false deductions? Let us come out, sir—

Let us come out and show to the world, by arguments and facts, and not by declamation, that the Democracy, the friends of the Administration, are not only not the enemies of the poor man, but that on this party, and this alone, are centred his only hopes of future prosperity and happiness. Show to the world, too, what is most susceptible of proof, that the federal party is now, as it ever has been, the poor man's enemy,

—that from that party the laborer has nothing to hope, but the certain prospect of servitude and misery.—From the very nature of things, it is so. Their pecuniary interests, their hopes of a monarchical, or, at least, an aristocratical, government,—their education, their modes and habits of thinking, all,—all conspire to show that they have no permanent sympathies with the common people,—that their pretended friendship for the poor man is but a cloak, which, though artfully worn, but ill conceals the hideousness of their principles beneath.

Those who reside in the pleasant village of Alfred, had an opportunity to-day of testing the opposing spirits of Federalism and Democracy. At an early hour there was a great gathering of British Whigs who met here by appointment, from the surrounding towns. They here arranged themselves, under the direction of appointed Marshalls, with as much of show and vainglory as could be well displayed, and took up their hard cider march for Kennebunk, the scene of the General Hard Cider carnival.—The follies inherent in Federalism, were exhibited to the full; and honest and simple hearted Democrats who acted as lookers on, certainly were astonished, though in a different manner from that which the Federal leaders intended. Banners on which were inscribed mottoes, whose sense was only nonsense, were borne aloft and badges were appended to the button holes which the wearers exhibited with all the vain pride of pleased children—noise, and clamor, and the loud laughter that speaks the vacant mind, were had and enjoyed as the necessary adjunct of Federal gathering.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Mr. Editor.—Being an observer of matters and things in general, and especially of Federal Conventions, your readers won't be offended, I trust, if I say a few words about the Whig squad of genuine democrats that met at Paris last Friday.

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In the first place, it would seem to be a matter of enquiry, what did they go there for? What will all their doings amount to? Why, the “ bears ” of old Oxford will walk up to the polls next fall, and say to Zadock, you aint Long enough to go to Congress, and more than all that, will be Long time before you will be, and you will have a great many Long-ings before you will have the honor to sit under the droppings of “ Old Tip's ” cider barrels,” and in the Hall of the Capitol, write your name, “ Free, Zadock Long, Member of Congress.”

As for the Doctor and Tip's prototype for the Vice Presidency, you, gentlemen, will have to stand living witnesses to the lean minority of the Federal Whigs in old Oxford, till you are worn out in the service, before you can have your names dubbed an honorable, or assume the official dignity of Senators.

Now, as a friend to Norris, I sometimes feel almost sorry to think he can't get elected once, because it would make him feel so well. Only

think of it; to be chairman of the committee on

nominations, and report Simeon Norris, Esq., for County Treasurer. Then be President of the Convention, and announce Simeon Norris, Esq., for County Treasurer; and every time have

the huge paws row the Esquire clear up to the head of Salt river! Oh! tis too much for poor

human nature to bear. Why would it not have

a good effect to invite all the Loco's into a certain public house on the Hill, and whisper in their ears, “ Come, gentlemen, us 'ard times,”

and always will prevail over error and delusion;

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Shall the federal leaders in this county, aided by the pecuniary means furnished them by the merchants of Boston and the bankers of London, throw their pernicious and poisonous documents and electio-

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Again I say, let the Democracy groan! I have been prompted, Mr. Editor, to these remarks, by a consciousness that the Democracy of Oxford was not doing its duty,—that it is not doing what the party at large has a right to demand at our hands,—what the friends of liberty and equal rights throughout the Union, have a right to expect. And in making them, I have been acting more in accordance with the dictates of duty, than from inclination. I am a plain, unlettered man. I belong to the huge paw class, and am much more accustomed to handle the hoe and the scythe, than to wield the pen.

If, sir, in your judgment, the above suggestions are calculated, as they were intended, to incite to action the energies of the Democratic party, you will please give them a place in your paper, and oblige

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## POETRY.

[BY REQUEST.]  
From the New Orleans Picayune.

## Sheep's Eyes.

WHEREIN ANIMAL MAGNETISM IS REDUCED TO WULOR COMPREHENSION.

If you'd ever travel, George,  
Vich you're very like to do,  
Sechin' you want to see the world  
And the world wants to see you;  
As far as the most convenient way,  
Of course you'll go by steam—  
Vich brings me to the subject of  
This 'ere important theme.

Vell ven you gets on board the boat  
A vakin' her and there,  
You'll may be meet a pretty face  
And a bevitchin' air;  
You'll see it once or twice, and then  
You'll say "she's very pretty!"  
And then perhaps you'll walk away,  
And may be hum a ditty.

Vell, then perhaps at dinner time,  
A glance or two may vander  
Tovards the table's upper end  
Where she's a sittin' yonder;  
You'll find a somethin' 'bout her mouth,  
And the vay she lifts her fork,  
And cuts her meat, and moves her jaw,  
And her other table work!

You meets her then upon the "guard,"  
Vhere with her friends she's vakin',  
Her arm round her companion's waist,  
As girls do when they're talkin';  
You notes the sweetest kind of foot—  
That nameless girlish grace—  
And that 'ere smile which makes you glow  
To see on a girls face!

Vell this goes on perhaps two days,  
You keeps a vaising round,  
And finds yourself ven near her,  
Werry silent and profound;  
At last—Lord! yet a thing is!  
It runs you thro' and thro'—  
You raise your eyes—and catch her lookin'  
Sidesways George, at you!

Vell, George, she drops her eyes at vonce,  
And looks upon the floor—  
And you may watch her by the hour  
But vont catch her any more;  
Yet somehow, she don't move away,  
In which a comfort leas;  
And tho' you can't see 'em, George,  
You kind a feel her eyes!

Vell, then perhaps, vons of the doors  
Is lined with lookin' glass,  
In vich perhaps you see her face  
As loungingly you pass;  
You takes a peep—you walks away—  
And then blush back again—  
Then sits, and looks as the her face  
You'd draw right out the pane!

You're tryin' all the time to look  
As unconcerned as ever—  
You runs your fingers throu' your hair—  
Perhaps to hundrader,  
But still you're peepin' at her face,  
And time don't pass so dull;—  
Ven suddenly—in peepin', George,  
You meets her eyes right full!

Oh thunder! stop it! George, you're gone!  
You feels yourself a blushin',  
And wonder why so old a hand  
Should feel his blood a rushin'—  
But still you sits—and so does she—  
And at vonce—without instructor—  
You finds a pane of lookin' glass  
A werry good conductor!

Vell, so it goes—next mornin' p'raps  
You goes to her at breakfast—  
And then you fiddles with your fork,  
'Stead of swallern' your steak fast;  
Vell, she has no great appetite,  
And vold she eats she minces—  
And sits uneasy on her chair,  
As if vorried with the chilzins'

Perhaps you wenter on the "guard,"  
To say somethin' 'bout "the mornin',"—  
And she says "yes sir," with a smile  
And blush her cheek adornin'  
And then—you can't say any more—  
And she can't look up either—  
And you almost vant to get away—  
And you don't vant to neither!

Vell, now you're in a proper state  
For further operation;  
And here the process should begin,  
George, of manipulation!  
Just touch her fore fingers! if she stands  
And don't lift up her hair,  
The thing is out—Crockett says,  
"You're right—now go ahead!"

CURIOS PHENOMEN.—An English paper, the Bath Gazette, says that the fall of the cliffs and upheavings of the bed of the sea, now reach from Whitbush Bay to Axmouth, distance of many miles. This extraordinary phenomenon of nature forms the leading attraction to Lyme Regis, which is crowded daily with visitors, who flock from all parts to see this wonderful effect of one of nature's convulsions.

Praise the fineness of a day when it is ended—a woman when you have known her—a sword when you have proved it—a maiden when she is married—the fee when you have crossed it—and a newspaper when you have READ and PAID for it.

Remedies for a fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

From the Springfield (H) Register.

## POLITICAL CHANGES.

**Messrs. Editors:**—I came to Springfield as one of the delegation from Fayette County, as a friend of Gen. Harrison, but after having witnessed the unmeaning shouts, groans, and drunken revelries of those who paraded, I became disgusted with the disgraceful exhibition, and have come to the determination to return home by myself and shall support Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency, in opposition to the elder barrel candidate. CURTIS DURKEE.

June 6, 1840.

**Another.**—These "hard cider fuddles" are working wonders:

From the Lynchburg Republican.

Another Convert from the Whigs.

From the Report of the proceedings of a Republican meeting in old Berneur, it will be seen that Robert M. Hudson, Esq. a States Right whig, and a worthy and respectable member of the Berneur Bar, has publicly withdrawn from the "log cabin and hard cider" party, and pledged himself to do all in his power to promote the re-election of Martin Van Buren. We know Mr. Hudson well, and we do also know that his partialities in favor of whiggery have been as strong and decided as those of any other honest member of that party have ever been, but his partisan feelings could not lead him out of sight of principle, nor make him forget that he has a "country to serve" as well as a party to obey; and when he found his party passing over all their leading men, and bringing forward Gen. Harrison, as a candidate for the highest gift of the people, who refused to answer questions or make any declaration of his principles—a man in fact who had no political principles—and gravely asking the people to vote for him—he considered it high time to renounce all allegiance to that party, and make a public declaration of his determination to support Martin Van Buren, who was perfectly committed on all subjects—was under the surveillance of no Confidential Committee, and had nothing to conceal "from the public eye."

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—A Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce tells of a cooper down East, who finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing, in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work very much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole. "I have not heard," adds the correspondent, "whether, or not, the boy has been relieved from his confinement."

**PETTY TROUBLES.**—How I pity a man of genius who is afflicted with the petty troubles that beset our life, who must earn his bread when he wants to write, and get out of debt before he can make himself immortal! It is like seeing a tree full of the choicest fruit, with lots of clothes hanging to dry on branches.

The following picture of a real, genuine Yankee, is from a poem read before the historical society, at Hartford, Connecticut:—

"He would kiss a queen till he raised a blister,  
With his arm round her neck and his old fell hat on;  
Would address the king with the title of a Master,  
And ask him the price of the throne that he sat on."

**Masks.**—Ladies originally wore masks as the sole substitute known to our ancestors for the modern parasol—a fact perhaps now noticed.

Vell, so it goes—next mornin' p'raps  
You goes to her at breakfast—  
And then you fiddles with your fork,  
'Stead of swallern' your steak fast;  
Vell, she has no great appetite,  
And vold she eats she minces—  
And sits uneasy on her chair,  
As if vorried with the chilzins'

Perhaps you wenter on the "guard,"  
To say somethin' 'bout "the mornin,'"—  
And she says "yes sir," with a smile  
And blush her cheek adornin'  
And then—you can't say any more—  
And she can't look up either—  
And you almost vant to get away—  
And you don't vant to neither!

Vell, now you're in a proper state  
For further operation;  
And here the process should begin,  
George, of manipulation!  
Just touch her fore fingers! if she stands  
And don't lift up her hair,  
The thing is out—Crockett says,  
"You're right—now go ahead!"

**Commissioners' Notice.**—THE undersigned hereby give notice that they have been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Thomas Bragg, late of Townshend, Letter B, gentleman, deceased, represented insolvent, that six months are allowed by law, to the said creditors, to bring in and prove their claims, and to file them in the Probate Court on the twenty-first day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.  
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ON the petition of JOHN JAMESON, administrator on the estate of Daniel Daniels, late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, representing that the sum of \$1000.00 due to the said Daniels, and owing to him by the said Daniels, is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he avows at the time of his death by the sum of three dollars, and paying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the rest of said debts, no partial sale thereof would injure the residue for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

Ordered,

That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said county, on the fourth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.  
Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

ISAAC STRICKLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Wood, late of Grafton, in the County of Worcester, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, having presented his exec account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield, in said county, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

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